

PS 2249

L 52



riendship,



POEM.

BY "ACE CLUBS."

*"Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major
veritas est."*



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POEM ON FRIENDSHIP.

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❧ FRIENDSHIP 'tis said is but a name,
A child of fancy and a dream,
A thing of air;
A fleeting breath, a transient flame,
A sentiment, though it may seem

A whim, a caprice, a conceit—
Some veering notion of the mind,
A phosphor beam,
That lightens, still is void of heat,
The gleam of a Lagenian mine.

The hand in cordial welcome grasped,
The welcome given in friendship's name,
The tear of joy,
As one is to the bosom clasped,
Due praises to sincerity claim.

The heart that's rich in human love,
Whose sympathies are pure and strong
To rich and poor,
Who doth alike his goodness prove,
To him fit honors sure belong.

For life is life, and love is love,
And time still moves resistless on
From youth to age;
And thus life's changeful web is wove,
And bad or ill the work is done.

In tender youth young hearts are twined—
To-day their bosoms beat as one—
A day is fled ;
To-morrow, when it comes, may find
Of all that one delusion gone.

With growing years reflections come,
And youthful virtues lose their hue ;
The heart grows cold,
Bereft of buoyancy and bloom,
That time's recurring can't renew ;

And life opes fuller to the view,
And interest rises over all,
And points the way
That all with eagerness pursue.
He learns well her imperious call ;

And wealth and rank their charms display,
And life's made opulent and fair,
And all must bow
To Fashion's and Custom's proud sway,
And worth must folly's gilding wear.

And days he lights on that unfold
The truth—he wonderingly sees
That every door
Is rigorously barred with gold,
And opens but to golden keys.

The world a solar system seems—
Each orb has its own destined path ;
And midst them all
Mammon blazes with golden beams,
From him its light each planet hath.

And friendship has its limited range,
And must in that its orbit trace ;
Nor, comet-like,
Its own appointed sphere can change,
And wander into trackless space.

A home of passions is man's breast,
And self is first and what is his
Of passions strong ;
Nor are the strongest e'er the best,
Nor oft appears he as he is.

His heart is proud—ambition sits
There, and with striving power reigns,
Before his face
Wealth's every honored image flits,
Whilst he all meaner things disdains.

And stratagem and craft of power
In his proud aims each to succeed
Too oft employs ;
And in his path fair frindship's flower
Is trampled as a worthless weed.

He gladly grasps the hand above,*
And high regard will feel or feign—
E'er courts the great ;
For such a help or harm may prove,
And such regard he 's proud to gain.

Since humble lots the rich despise,
And poverty that 's shunned by all,
It must be rare
Their breasts can blend in friendly ties
The high and low, the great and small.

Convention's barriers are made to rise,
And mutual hearts become estranged—
Their breasts grow cold ;
They meet and scarcely recognize
Of each the feelings thus are changed.

Kindness will kindness e'er beget,
And hearts in union closer binds,
And kindness shown
To one that casually is met,
Reciprocation oftenest finds.

The beasts that roam the field and wood,
A sense of kindness to them shown,
Oft seem to feel,
And would return it if they could,
As some to do so have been known.

Be rank, condition or what not,
The cause their own excuse to make,
'Tis rare the case,
That wanton wounds are e'er forgot,
That one still is obliged to take.

Resentment still the breast will feel,
The unkind memory will bear
Through changing years—
The sore may fester and may heal;
But still a scar will e'er be there.

Though feebly may the voice be heard,
Of gratitude whispering of deeds
Of goodness done,
'Tis as a pleasant spoken word,
One hears yet still but lightly heeds.

And envy with a baleful eye,
Will see a merit not its own,
And hears with pain,
The praises it would fain deny,
To one who has more honored grown.

Content to live in ease and sloth—
And pleasures luxury supplies ;
The slave of sense
And passions gross that never doth
Aspire beyond sensual desires.

Ambition in another wakes,
In such a jealous pang, they view
With pain his hopes,
Reproached by efforts that he makes,
And honors won his labors due.

All higher meeds they would deny,
Of self-denying toil refuse,
Nor would allow
The higher mounts any should try,
But like their own a life should choose.

And when their paths together lie,
And their vocations are the same,
And equal hopes
Enkindle in each breast and eye,
And each to equal triumphs aims,

A rivalry between them grows
Too oft, and takes a bitter root
In their feelings,
And marring mingles with their flow,
And bringeth forth an evil fruit.

That the rich attractions possess,
To draw about them many friends,
Clearly appears,
And that the poor have few, not less
To him that life's plan comprehends.

But oft dissimulation wears
The fair mask of sincerity—
And flattery
With smiling lip and pleasing airs,
Seems t' express friendships true loyalty.

While fortune favors ever found,
Mongst the faithful faithfulest,
Their good wishes
Scarcely will admit a bound,
Until subjected to the test.

Yet let the wheel another turn
Take, and misfortunes darkening frown,
Life's prosperous bloom
Wither and blast, and you may learn
What faith in friendship then abounds.

Like flies when all the honey's gone,
That came to share the sweet in swarms,
They all have flown
Away, and flown because alone,
Were vanished all the honey charms.

The votaries of pleasure wait
Upon her for her own dear sake,
Nor can forbear
Delights that rarely tire or sate,
And all lifes moments blissful make.

They live for their own happiness,
For sumptuous and sensual joys,
And that pursuit
Which offers not such more or less,
But little of their thought employs.

In *fetes* and balls and gay saloons,
Splendid happiness unalloyed,
They find and feel
That life confers no valued boons,
But such as may be thus enjoyed.

When pleasure, whose fair smiles they wooed,
With her voluptuous charms has fled,
Nor feel their hearts,
More her embracing joys diffused,
They quickly follow where she led.

Prosperity, it should appear,
Is no just scale to weigh friends in ;
Adversity
Alone can demonstrate it clear,
How true their professions have been.

As will a person's shadow close
Stick to him whilst in the sun's ray,
But when leaving
The light, into the shade he goes,
'Twill vanish instantly away.

And those that once were proud to boast,
Of an acquaintance, and to claim
A near friendship,
Though none or slight, there was at most,
Now carelessly enquire his name.

Nor less the sterner sex than fair,
In one more than another clime,
Rigorously judge
What all the world seems to declare,
That poverty's ever a crime.

And 'mongst a fallen great man's foes,
Perhaps are none who use their power,
Whate'er it be,
To press and bear him down than those
Who flattered most in fortune's hour.

Indemnity they then require
For the regard that they have paid,
Grudgingly paid ;
That friendship's soul did not inspire
A tax that fortune on them laid.

And when he's down and all are free
To kick him, that do so incline,
As down he goes—
In kicking him they'll ever be
Sure to remember, "auld lang syne."

The second Charles' extravagance,
And dissolute misgovernment
By his barons,
Was viewed with much discountenance,
And murmurs waked and discontent.

With much good reasoning they complained
That a corrupt throng filled his court,
That of the tax
That by the nation was sustained,
Much was squandered for their support.

That to embezzling politicians,
A large proportion of it went,
And likewise on
Buffoons and foreign courtezans,
As much more was unduly spent.

They reflected with resentment
And the deepest indignation,
That the kingdom,
Before so proud and independent,
Should subject be to French dictation.

For twenty years, these gentlemen,
Surly barons, loudly murmured
Against the king.
The hour of trial at length came, when
Each man's loyalty was determined.

When those by whom he seemed beloved,
Who shared his favors, proved untrue ;
And faithless these
Barons their devotion proved,
By rallying to the king's rescue ;

When even his Secretary of State,
And Lord Treasurers shrank from his side,
These stern, true men,
In an hour that seemed desperate,
Did for him the victory decide.

And likewise true to James they were,
And would a loyalty unyielding
To him have shown,
Could he have been got to forbear
Outraging their strongest feeling.

The lowly in their humble lot,
Doomed with poverty to contend,
And all its train
Of ills, scarce more than these have got
They're able to share with a friend.

Their wants, scarce more than appetites ;
Gross are their pleasures and but few—
The sum of life
Is but to live ; these its delights,
And these its difficulties, too.

In middle life a mean exists,
Blest with ease and sweet content,
Where simple faith
And human love sweetly subsist,
With life's pure, earnest purpose blent.

No rivalries or envious feuds
Rouse wicked passions in their breast ;
No dreams of power
On their balmy slumbers e'er intrude,
To mar the sweetness of their rest.

No strivings for ambition's goals
In fashions annals first to shine ;
Their peaceful lives
Its even tranquil tenor holds,
Happy, plenteous and benign.

In every walk, still there are those
Who cherish in their mutual breasts
Some gentle sparks,
And in the intimacy that grows
Between them, friendship seems confest.

If friendship's sentiment, divine
In its essence, purest, dearest,
Is found at all ;
That with no selfishness combines,
That friendship warms in woman's breast.

In that dire hour, the Saviour died
For man, Himself a ransom gave ;
Her faithful love
In woe and tears was testified—
Last from the cross, first at His grave.

The honored partner of man's life,
And formed that life to soothe and bless,
Nor mixing with
Its dark contentions and its strife,
A being of all loveliness.

Her bosom spotless, as is fair
Her face and form, that seem divine ;
True friendship's self
May purely be reflected there,
In vestal constancy enshrined.

Whate'er we are or may become,
To woman's plastic power is due
Virtues instilled ;
The holy influence of sweet home,
Life gives direction and its hue.

To build a city is not her's—
The province, to her own sphere schooled,
"Keepers at home,"
A nobler doth the builders rear,
And formeth rulers and the ruled ;

And Her dear society, how sweet—
What bliss diffuses in the heart ;
What is of life
That seemeth perfect and complete,
Fair woman doth to it impart.

To life its soft refinement gives,
Its polish and its elegance,
Virtue, honor—
All whence true excellence derives
Its name, life's heavenly countenance.

Life's rosy light, delicious, fair,
For man's own happiness bestowed ;
How dark would be,
Without it, life sunk in despair—
Need say I, be she e'er adored.

But when her native softness's gone,
By time and crosses stolen away,
And her charms are
Fled, one by one, perhaps that won
Fond suitors in a better day ;

And black, malignant feelings creep
Through her heart, and in her blood, and feed
Revengeful thoughts
That in black passion slime vats steep,
How wicked, heartless then indeed.

Some one is said to have observed,
Against my foes I can contend,
E'er on my guard
From him alone, I'd be preserved—
Him that is numbered as my friend.

The interest that a friend may feel
In the well being of a friend.

Is very well ;
And yet that interest for his weal
May prove pernicious in the end.

Since all the cost of good advice
Is but the breath consumed in it,
'Tis freely given,
Which seems the settled current price
Of aid, that in that form is lent.

The case may not be understood,
Or seen in a deliberate view,
And hence advice
That is not altogether good,
Is given and is followed, too.

The will might not in any wise
Be wanting ; 't would be truly glad
The way to point,
In any case that might arise,
But still the judgment might be bad.

No mischief worthier of our fear
And care can any where be found,
Than in the name
Of friendship, he that draweth near,
With heart deceitful and unsound.

The smiles that wreathe his pleasant face,
The cordial warmth that seems to glow
In his bosom,
Win but to a fatal embrace,
In which he strikes a deadlier blow.

Soft avenues unto the heat,
With a persuasive skill are wrought,
And confidence
Attained is used with fairest art,
To gain the evil end that's sought.

Beguiled into the fond belief
Of friendship, one feels secure in
Giving full trust,
And wakes to find past all relief,
Fully compassed is his ruin.

The betrayal of the Savior shows,
How well could be enacted this
Deceitful art,
When Judas singled Him to his foes,
He chose to do it with a kiss.

Too much it would be to assert,
That worth and virtue have no friend,
Though very poor,
They may in time gain their desert,
But oft they strive not to the end.

Some merit will itself make known,
Its claims completely justify,
And still some will,
When its pretensions clear are shown,
And some will not its right deny.

Full many a flower is born to blush
Unseen, and on the desert air
Its sweetness waste,
And many murmurous fountains gush,
And dies unheard their music there.

And gems adorn the ocean caves,
That might on beauty's bosom shine,
In lustrous light,
Hidden beneath the rolling waves
As gold in an unexplored mine.

Yet numerous examples tell,
Of men of no fortune or birth,
But well deserved,
That were rewarded prompt and well,
Alone for meritorious worth.

As kissing doth by favor go,
And friendship's suffrage is the grant
Of most favors,
No great many to those can flow
Who this essential interest want.

And some great souls, untimely wise,
That sought to bless their time and race—
Their countrymen—
Saw fit their worth to recognize,
By granting them shame and disgrace.

Gallileo, Dante, a host,
Standing in a coming age, made
Themselves reproach ;
Their greatness, proved at such a cost,
That on their country now is laid,

Names, that in the dark, distant past,
Like stars athwart the black gulf beam
With dimless ray ;
And while earth rolls till time be past,
Bright, solitary, there will gleam.

He sure deserves a double praise,
Who breaks the bars of circumstance,
And grappling with
His destiny himself shall raise
To higher plains and maketh chance.

There are who find a right in might—
That that is right, whatever is,
Or right or wrong,
But far they go to find that right
Infinity "is" compasses.

The ideas that in life obtain,
Give currency to much that's dross.
It happens oft,
That tinsel precedence will gain
To gold that is without a gloss ;

And things confounding, as is done,
A tangled skein life doth present.
The labyrinth
They thread, by some stran guided on,
But scarce know by what clue they went.

Howbeit, the great world victors test,
A relic time doth inherit.
In endeavors
Success, if not alone, 's the best
Criterion of one's merit.

Look on life's vineyard, broad and fair ;
Behold the toilers toiling there ;
The rewards are,
They as toils each has had to bear,
Have not the great workers their share.

Then be life as it is or will,
Where Liberty doth her towers raise,
And unenthralled,
Man may cherish glory's thrill,
And fearless tread in all her ways.

The summit may be gained where stands
Fame's temple, shining from afar,
And with the wreath,
There held by a fair, beckoning hand,
In life be crowned immortal there.

For usefulness to qualify
One, wheresoe'er his efforts tend,
First let him learn
To on himself alone rely,
And not upon his friends depend.

If he is doing very well,
He'll find assistance easy got;
But if his case
Be that necessities impel,
He may get help, but likeliest not.

A fountain gushing in a rill,
With trembling fear starts on its course,
Through beds of moss,
But swelling as it goes, it will
Be vast at mouth as small at source.

The gods help those themselves that help;
If one lay shoulder to the wheel
With faithful might,
A waiting power it may develop,
The load to move he then may feel.

Impossible! what does it mean
To idle sit, arms folded up,
Micawber-like,
Wait till an occasion's seen,
To wait for something to turn up.

What did great Hercules perform
That made him heir to deathless fame?
And who, with but
A simple club alone was armed,
Labors incredible to name.

Despair itself's an incubus,
The hideous night-mare of the soul;
Begin to stir,
And instantly its fetters burst,
And thou art freed from its control.

With means abundant and at hand,
Quite every thing the work requires,
And all powers seem
To favor and the thing demand,
In that what difficulty lies.

In peace and war what has been done,
With means unequal to the task,
Peaceful conquests,
Renowned victories in war won,
Go thou to Glory's self and ask.

An army of a million men,
Sweep down upon a feeble few;
Against such odds
That seems it useless to contend,
And beat them as they ought to do.

A handful in the desperate luck
Of battle meet a shining host
In fierce conflict,
And from their banners victory pluck,
And they a high renown may boast.

An Argonautic voyage was made,
No great thing in the ancient past,
But Columbia's
Dawning like to have been delayed,
By obstacles from first to last.

Though generals all the one who took
His start a private in the ranks,
His deserts proved,
By gallant, meritorious conduct,
More wins his country's praise and thanks.

The humor of the time is deemed,
To give merit estimation,
And that which should
Be high and honorably esteemed,
Meets with no appreciation.

As fashion is seen to possess
A wide and undisputed sway,
And authority
Gives each prevailing mode of dress,
That it enjoys a transient day ;

And the style, when new, all admired,
And which then could be seen all in
Or aiming at,
Before a new one has retired,
And in utter contempt fallen.

As in the winter of the year
Nature a native bleakness wears,
But when the spring
Returns again with sunny cheer,
In soft robes she again appears.

The ancients had an iron age,
And followed that an age of brass,
A silver age,
One of gold, which various engage
The thoughts as in review they pass.

One sees man in his every stage,
Each higher advance by him gained,
Until arrived
At that illustrious, splendid age,
That seemed perfection had attained.

He sees man in his first rude state,
Ere scarcely any useful arts
To him were known,
Left to himself t' originate
The first, whence all improvement starts.

He sees the fine arts take their rise
When liberal governments were reached,
And scope allowed
Men's faculties and energies,
And their exertions unimpeached.

When states to wealth and ease had grown,
And men aspired to polished life
And liberal views,
And that encouragement was shown
Which taste and genius most required.

And thus the fine arts thrived and flourished
In the expanding, fostering power
Of patronage ;
In luxury and affluence nourished,
They bloomed to an immortal flower.

Yet all these glories were destined
To be eclipsed in hideous night ;
These noble arts,
Unblest, in dark decay declined,
And that fair tree withered with blight.

In the dark ages that ensued
These beams of glorious light were quenched ;
Taste fled away ;
Genius, persecuted, pursued
Before the face of power, blenched,

And hid her gifts ; in sorrow sighed
O'er broken images and forms
That enshrined the
Divinity ; she was denied
All but the power to feel her charms.

O, wild and ruthless mind of man !
O, fierce and selfish, brutish power !
O, ignorance !
Dullness, stupidity, that can
Not see true light or feel its power !

What untold loss hast thou entailed
Upon this fair, light-favored world !
What destruction,
Costly ruin to be bewailed,
Wher've been thy black banners unfurled.

What powers cramped and checked forever ;
What burning bosoms trampled out ;
What rarest gifts,
Genius hallowed, yet that were ne'er,
Howe'er inspired, allowed to show it.

But an exemplification
Of that curse on this devil-smitten,
Devil-claimed earth—"thou
Shalt not"—O, godless declaration !
"Be wise above what is written."

Art thou a novice in the world ?
Or hast thou ope'd thine eyes to see
Of all mankind,
Upon this moving planet whirled,
How very little some can be ?

In England's Second Charles' reign,
A decided and marked change came o'er
The literary
Sky, as earth touched with life again,
From the preceding face it wore.

As in friendship must earnestness
Forever be the breath and soul,
So in all life
The highest worth bears its impress
Whereby its identity is told.

See great Cromwell, the blacksmith king,
Who sat upon the English throne,
Whose honored fame
The muse of poetry will sing,
If but for his success alone.

In him what earnestness there dwelt—
How hated he sham and pretense—
He had a soul
Whose power by all was known and felt,
And sprang from thence his influence.

And with the same sincerity
He inspired his men, that fierce, grim
Battle zeal that led
Through terrible slaughter to victory,
Wildly fired by their battle hymn.

“Paint me, wrinkles and all,” said he
To an artist who undertook
His portrait; how,
Even on canvas, he scorned to be
Given any but his natural look.

An age that falls on sham and show,
Mere pretense and speciosity,
Is a descent
That lowers men to grades below,
As they or theirs will sometime see.

’Tis aptly said great men have wills,
Small ones only wishes—one goes
To his plans with
A ceaseless purpose that fulfills;
Th’ other tries feebly, and foregoes.

Like a mighty river doth he move
With power and majesty his own
Difficulties,
As only frail obstructions prove
In its resistless current thrown.

Who are the great—who are the small—
Who are the rich—who are the poor ?
The man who has
Greatness of soul, him great I call,
Whose heart is rich, is rich—no more,

Integrity—veracity—
Simple virtues ; at the same time,
The world must own
Them in true character to be
The root of all that is sublime.

“ The rank is but the guinea’s stamp ; ”
No seat in legislative hall,
No curule chair,
No wealth can free him from the cramp
That makes him irredeemably small.

The merit that a friend befits
Must be by virtue ratified ;
For true friendship
She will not to subsist permit
Till it by that sure test is tried.

Religion may not yet have blest
The life with her pure stamp and seal,
But if honor
Her signet on it hath imprest,
That friendship will be pure and real.

Religion oft a hindrance is,
A barrier is to friendly ties ;
Questions of faith,
Of which each deems the right one his,
To direst feuds have given rise,

Nor politicians always meet
On friendship's unembarrassed ground,
With the good will
And that near amity complete
In which a friendship should be bound.

Congenial tastes that may unite
A similar education,
Prepare the way
And coalescingly invite
To that agreeable relation.

If circumstances should concur,
Nor to preclude it should be some
Artificial
Canon against it to demur,
Enduring friends they may become.

Some noble instances we have
Of friendships that in every age
Immortal shone,
That memory 'll from oblivion save
To bloom upon the deathless page.

But who they were or what they were,
More than that they were lasting friends,
For a great part
The records of those facts are bare ;
No inquiry much that way extends.

A selfish nature ill invites
To friendship's clasp, or any other ;
Intent on self
And his exaggerated rights,
He scarce can entertain another's.

In God's great law, not any where
To reason's eye can it be shown
That aught that is
In this all useful world so fair
Existeth for itself alone.

Meanness may ever vainly hope
Accord with friendship—'twill mildew
The fairest flower
That ever did its petals ope
To affection's fragrant light and dew.

Great hearts are said, like the ocean,
Never to congeal—so, to be
A faithful friend,
Which is as refined a notion—
The true image of deity—

Thy friend with circumspection choose,
And having made the election,
Says one, see that
No disrespect of yours shall lose
Or enfeeble his affection.

Hardly should one flatter himself
That friendship gives to him the right
To a friend to
Speak unpleasant things—'twere well if
That truth were better kept in sight.

Of Socrates it hath survived,
Who perished to promote what ends?
He said, being asked
Why in so small a house he lived,
"I wish I could fill it with friends."

Be true to thyself—as we've got
It, in life is a noble plan
By which to live;
And true to thyself, thou canst not
Be false to any other man.

A sweet poet says that he
Would never number any one
Among his friends,
Who, wanting sensibility,
Would needless trample on a worm.

In the immature, green age of youth .
The young connections lightly form ;
The young breast then
With generosity and truth,
And life's bright hopes and dreams is warm.

At that blest undiscerning age
All's fair in life that they have met ;
Fear and distrust,
Not learned from its experienced page,
After to be read with regret ;

Without a formal rule to guide,
Attachments form—nor how or why,
They know nor think,
Which may a length of years abide,
Or early may take wings and fly.

Familiarity, 'tis said
By an old proverb, breeds contempt—
A martyr truth
Which oft to bad results has led,
Nor any seem from it exempt.

To prove by thumps upon his back
How one esteems a friend, is not
The strongest proof ;
It savors more of manners slack,
And slack authority forms have got.

And some great liberties will take,
And on the feelings far encroach
A friend's license ;
Their ruthless jests will on him break,
Caprice determines all approach.

And thus in some unguarded hour,
Presuming on the goodly strength
Of that esteem
Which long had stood as some great tower,
It falls prostrate with shattered length.

"A friend in need 's a friend indeed,"
When such is found—a generous hand
When help it gives,
Will timely give to one in need ;
Its value this will oft demand.

"As he gives twice who promptly gives,"
"Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove
Unkind," whate'er
They be, from whence their worth derive,
The future should itself approve.

A kindness should not be ignored—
Time should not have the power to blot
It from the mind ;
But when a favor is restored,
It properly may be forgot.

As man is in his nature frail,
Some imperfections must be seen,
Which remembered
For his excuse, should e'er avail
When well he is believed to mean.

Some little faults away explained,
Some little faults endured, and some
Passed over as
Foibles, and lo, sound is maintained,
A dear friendship else to end come.

And should friendship be vainly sought,
Or should deceitful prove when found,
Not all is vain,
In consequence should it be thought,
Though sought not on forbidden ground.

Such might an illustration find
In a good story that is told
Of a landlord,
Genial and jocular inclined—
A good man, generous and whole-souled.

A man called for breakfast late—
'Twas for him hastily prepared,
And our landlord
Seeing that it was not first-rate,
Numerous apologies offered.

The eater plied his knife and fork
In busy silence, nor by look
Or any act,
But obvious motions at his work,
Of "mine host" the least notice took ;

Who thereat being irritated,
His strain apologetic changed,
And his remarks
Somewhat warmly perorated
In words to this effect that ranged :

Apologies enough now, sir,
I've made, and more, too, than were due,
Considering
The time, and all, and who it's for—
Now understand that I am through.

And, sir, let me tell you further,
I have several times, if not oftener,
Seen a breakfast
That was worse looking and dirtier,
And a h—ll of a sight smaller.

The hungry one his tools laid down,
And looking at him modestly
Asked, "is that true?"
"Yes," came. "Then," he in voice profound
Said, "d—d if you haven't out-traveled me!"

Exalted sentiment! the sweet
That, mingling with the ills of life,
Can soothe the heart
Smarting from trials that it meets,
And crosses in life's bloodless strife.

"Even this will pass o'er," Solomon
Gave to a friend for a motto,
To render him
Humble when prosperity's sun
Was high, and strong when 'twas low.

What comfort to the weary one,
When worn with grief and bowed with care,
To have a friend
To whom in trouble he may come,
And who in all his woe will share ;

On whom for help he can rely,
For sober counsel and advice—
Whose sympathies
Renewed assurance to supply
And hope revive still doth suffice ;

To whom in perfect confidence
His inmost breast he may lay bare,
Nor ever fear
The trust will e'er escape from thence,
But faithfully be guarded there.

Such is friendship, and the ties
With which it hearts together binds—
A tender bond,
Which they with carefulness should prize
About whose bosoms it entwines.

For oft some trivial thing will prove,
That seemeth to impart some wrong,
A sundering blow
To ties that strengthening years had wove,
And with dire hate their breasts deform.

“Time bringeth healing on its wings”—
The bud time bringeth to the tree—
Time bringeth back
The tender robes that clothe the spring,
But friendship broke to you nor me.

A tender flower, it requires
Favor of genial light and shade,
And a kind soil ;
And balmy wants nature supplies,
And then 'twill never die nor fade.



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